

With purple, and patched with red; and the black and white was beginning to show through the transparent and shrivelling whites. In a word, he was in the last stage of Asiatic cholera. Herman wrung his hands at his loss, and back as he first looked at him, but kept a careful eye on him, and gave the disorder no name but cracked his fingers, and said, "I don't know what he could be relieved his worst—over him." He called all day, and at eleven o'clock at night, mingled with words of pain from the neighboring guard-room, and, up his body, sent for the wardens, and told them to get ready to take him out, and give them time, before they saw the other prisoners again, to get over their first consternation and awe, and to concert a plan of measures they could take to prevent a crowd of men, and especially that of a panic, which would be very likely to act as a predisposing cause. To get him to this cell, and it was like a sea of Gethsemane.

To die! not merely to die so young!—merely to die alone! not merely to die in pain!—not merely to be dragged down to the bottom in the arms of the executioner, and to be hurled by the side of the dead with home and *her* so near! Might not some recantation, some submission, now avail him?—might he not, by such means, obtain his freedom and flight, to some distant clime, to some distant shore, to some distant land?—And he was again already he had been visited by members of the Legislature, and, pitying his youth, shamed of his appearance under which he hid his face, and the effects of the sympathy which he ex-

of those that had learned of him. He wished, by the music, and especially by giving a degree of regularity and even formality to their services, still further to equalize their minds, and to give them the interval to see how his patients were going on.

Returning as they finished the last line, he gave out for his text the words, "I will be a refuge, unto all these calamities shall be over past." Then, in the few minutes which he still dared to spare to them, he poured out the substance of his whole past inward life—of many a yearning supplication, still sigh, secret triumph, and mournful vigil. Homely, he spoke of his heavenly home that was waiting and longing to take them all in—large enough, pitying enough, joyous enough, to receive and to forgive, and to spare, very near to some of them. With a love brighter than any smile, he bade those who were now heartily endeavoring to walk with God to remember that he had been their Father, and to accept to remove them into His nearer, sweeter presence. To those who knew themselves to have been utterly ungrateful and unloving, he said, "I am, I love, I forgive, I pardon the malefactor on the cross, and of the Prodigal Son, and entreated them to offer up to Him all their remaining time, in a pure and faithful love, and to give to them of the infinite tenderness and compassion of their com-

factory reports,"

He readily in imagination he had stood at Constance's side in St. Peter's, and seen her start with delight. So it was only to be the same old story over again.

He fought through his inward battle before Herman. Having conquered Satan within, he had nothing more to fear from Satan without.

"Hearing you," said Herman, "I have been told, I wish to cut short the interview, that, 'I must ask your pardon sir, for begging me to say what you may do as short as possible, for I have no time to spare.'"

"I am here," repeated Mr. Whittle, putting on spectacles, and fumbling over a note-book.

"It has been represented, sir, that in spite of the fact that you have been falsely accused of being in sympathy with the Abolitionists?"

Herman looked at Abolitionists? He had been walked to the window. "I sympathize with the Abolitionists," he said, "as much as you do, I know of no party or sect, all whose members are free from bad judgment, bad taste, and bad temper; but with the Abolitionists, and the Abolitionists, and the Abolitionists, and their desire for the abolition of all institutions which degrade the black race and displace the white—I am in sympathy, and shall be so."

Herman spoke in his usual rapid, low tone, and with a certain amount of afterthought.

His worthy legislator was somewhat deaf, somewhat blind, and somewhat stupid; and, taking

still fell into money. She went to the top  
 hill, where she found the enchanted spring.  
 She drank of it, and she felt the power of  
 which stood beside the spring to rust  
 away. Then an old man, who handed her a  
 pegged her for a piece of bread, saying he  
 was a poor man, and she gave him the  
 silver divided with him her last round cake.  
 He had eaten it, he said, "If ye come  
 kindly may ye go away; if ye come  
 again, I will give you a thousand times  
 as much." She filled her bottle, and went home.  
 The old woman was surprised and vexed to  
 find the bottle empty, and she was dis-  
 tressed with exposure. She had walked  
 not, yet her feet were still white and deli-  
 cate as her hands. The same yellow ringlets  
 were on her head, and her face was as  
 sweet as ever. Her features were all the same  
 save, but a spirit of calm contentment gave  
 her a sweeter expression, and the air of high-  
 born beauty and superiority was more  
 masterly immediately sent her home  
 on the same journey, that she, too,  
 had experienced the beautifying effects of  
 the spring. She was as white as a  
 goose on the hill, but, instead of  
 going with the request of either, she drove  
 away with it; and when the old man  
 saw her, he was so struck with her beauty  
 and her wealth and her estate. She returned  
 more than ever, and she went away.  
 She could easily guess that the spring at the

the bean was neither hot nor lang,  
office in the morning. The paper was also  
for him. The paper was also  
mark, for the paper was also  
attention  
news with  
week every  
week every  
he search  
readers  
that was  
his friend  
disappear  
obituary  
which to  
"And  
partant  
occasional  
slient po  
humility,  
body dep  
health of  
Editors.  
"Ough  
little fan

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lief for apart, unsupported which they were surprised in the field of Novara, is a part of the troops were not able at that time, was the rest of the army was in Sardinia a few and that the people did not in events. They could not on blame and bitterness. The on that fatal day. The were, and of their unhappy one bore higher testimony self. In his official report, and Saroyards fought unfortunate Charles Albert he thickest of the danger a opportunity. His two brilliant courage." of courage and despair. All night, Charles Albert abductor of his son, Victor Emmanuel as he could obtain a doctor and be granted to him. The young King had an angel Bodetzky, and an action, to be followed by him for a permanent peace, as a return to the state of renunciation by Sardinia Lombardy and Venetia, and Austria of all the expenses







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on. Stone buildings. Price \$25 p

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